

2023-2024

REVERIE

A NORTH
MAGAZINE



A Literary and Art Magazine

ART

POETRY

STORIES

Reverie

North's Literary and Art Magazine

2023-2024

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Letter from the Editor

Our magazine takes all of North's creativity and puts it in one place so it is accessible to everyone. Our name is Reverie because we want everyone to be pleasantly lost in a daydream while reading as we are while creating. This magazine is a rollercoaster ride of emotions and ideas. Its pages are packed with life and feelings, ranging from the most uplifting to the most challenging and painful experiences that are an inevitable part of our lives.

We hope that you enter a state of reverie while reading North's Reverie Literary Magazine.

Editor-in-Chief
Clarys Sanchez

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Poetry

The Walk Away From Chance

By Clarys Sanchez

One step after another
Each step getting farther and farther away from
 something truly wonderful,
Someone truly wonderful

The sun was still radiating heat,
But each step away only made me colder
Lonelier on a lively afternoon

Colors got dimmer than only a few moments ago,
The chill of the winter breeze seeped through and
Those butterflies flying rampant in my stomach met
 their death

A simple smile and nod
The casual glances shared had turned to more,
A chance interaction

Words had never felt so sweet to hear,
yet so bitter leaving the tongue
Every stride brings up a thought of the encounter

The tentative smile found upon his face at first,
all the way to the softening gaze he gave me last as we
 parted
Words we held back from saying and now may never say

The gravel turns to a driveway,
The weeds turn to plants
And the chance turns to a memory

Us in our little moment
The end of something?
Or maybe our long-awaited beginning?

Smiles, laughter, gestures, conversations,
Bright, warm, kind, meaningful
Turns dark, cold, lonely, and empty in your absence

For a moment you were warm and bright
My shelter from the storm that is life
You offered me momentary refuge from it all

Alone and trudging on home,
That light has ceased and that storm is back,
The place that was once safe may no longer come back

Alone walking home,
Alone in this house,
But your kind honey brown eyes see me more as just
alone

Thoughts running haphazardly,
Good and bad
Day and night, black and white

What if this is it?
What if that's all there was?
What if that's all we'll ever be?

Forever just two strangers
Only giving smiles and nods
Right people but at the wrong time.

Love at First Sight

By R.J. Cramer

Love at first sight is a strange feeling,
a strange sentence, even.
It makes you feel like you are on a high mountain
just awaiting the climb down.
That rush in your bloodstream, warm like a hug.
Love makes you feel like you are on top of the world
just waiting for an asteroid to hit you.
It makes you feel happy and hurt,
good and bad,
and want to smile and frown.
All these feelings happen at the same time.
Love is a strange feeling,
it feels like a nice warm fire
hitting cold skin on a frigid, winter day.
Love, at first sight, makes your skin tingle,
and your heart beats a thousand beats per minute.
Love, at first sight, is like seeing a person
for who they are for the first time,
whether it is good or bad.
Your body shivers a tinge
as you feel their arm brush against yours.
Love, at first sight,
a terrifying and thrilling feeling
at the same time.
There is a rush of adrenaline and dopamine.
It makes you feel things you never felt before.
Love at first sight can make you
feel like you are breathing
for the first time.
It can make you feel like you are stuck underwater
just waiting for someone to pull you back up for air.
Love makes you do crazy things sometimes,
making you feel like you can do anything.
Love can be exciting,
Love can be scary.
Love at first sight can be perceived

any way you want it to.

Whether you want it to or not love is a part of us,
and is a feeling that can be enjoyed or hated.

I Love You More Than Life Itself

By Rebecca Hatley

Walking I feel you staring at me, I look towards you and feel everything all at once. My body freezes and yours is moving throughout my mind. I sit on a bench near the street, and so do you.

Smoke clouds my eyes and I can't tell if it's the cars passing by or if it's me completely losing touch with reality.

The one thing on my mind
The only thing I feel is the feeling you give me, I want to be completely indoused with
your words,
Your mind,
Your ability to make me want things I've never needed before.
Your hands are touching me in ways I've never gotten the chance to get used to.

I love you... I love the feeling of you, the way you make goosebumps form all over my aching body.
I don't even know your name, I might never know it, but every idea comes to me of what it could be.

I can already imagine who you are on the inside. You're someone that makes me want the world and nothing at the same time. Giving me just enough to want more from you. Keeping me at the edge of my seat.
I stare at you, I keep staring...my eyes just won't leave you. We are just both sitting on opposite sides of this street.
And yet I feel you right next to me.

the one thing that I feel on my dead skin.

I love how yellow you are when I am nothing but gray.
You are this figment
of my imagination who is so there yet only whispers in
my ears.

I love the way your name feels on my tongue
the way it makes me feel
Don't leave my head, without you it's nothing but
darkness,
I feel it's crowded with you but I feel like nothing when

I can't have you in my arms.

You are a liquid, a creek that runs slowly down,
the road down nature. You are the sunshine
I need to thaw my lifeless heart.

Who am I to you? I feel like a shadow. I'm drowning in a
barrel of my own tears and self-hatred and you seem to
be the one missed placed rock that I cling on to so I
don't completely suffocate in my own thoughts. I am
something worthless, only a speck of dust. You are a
trophy, too perfect for me,

yet I want you so badly.

You get up and start to walk away, to what feels like
miles away from me.
My leg starts to bounce up and down, I start to feel
nervous.

don't leave me,
don't go.
Touch me,
use me,

I feel it's an obsession.
but I can't stop this addiction to the warmth I need
when I am nothing but winter.

Please stop teasing me
You are dancing on my fingertips- you are so close yet
so far.
I want you because

I need you more than life itself.

Invisible

Look at me.

It seems as if I'm not important to you.

You say you see me and notice me,

But we both know that's not true.

I feel like a ghost in my own life,

On the outside looking in,

Battling with my strife.

Can you see me?

Can you hear me?

How loud,

how much more

do I have to be?

Some days I feel

invisible,

I feel like everything I do isn't enough,

Look at me,

Truly look at me,

Can you see me?

Or am I just a flicker on the screen?

Just look at me...

Cigarette Burns

By Eliot Robles

Sometimes I wish I could smoke.

I've only ever heard it as a sanctum to take stress away.
By the smokers, I know at least.

Inhale security.

I'd get to stand outside, leaning against the damp air
and looking into the night pondering man's greatness
mysteries.

Exhale my problems.

It'd be a way to cry for help without speaking.
The nicotine in my breath mixed with the mints trying to
drown it call out my deeper struggle.

Inhale composure.

Just if there's anyone so quine to realize.

Exhale all of my anxieties.

My blackened teeth signal my brain rot and mental
anguish

My walks to my car every break show my desperation for
control.

Cigarettes are the only way.

My raspy breath is my gasping for reality

Inhale-

The burns on my fingertips were my attempts to find it.

The Fallen Angel of God

By R.J. Cramer

God has angels.

Beautiful ones,

Holy ones.

But the fallen angels,

Are the most important.

They fall from the heavens,

Down to Earth.

Flapping their wings for support.

The truth is, they used to be God's favorite,

Each one of them.

Some fall through Earth,

To Hell,

Where they see the devil's spawn,

And the devil himself.

Fallen angels are the ones hurt by God

Disgraced.

Hell isn't a fun place,

But you know that, already.

It's better than Heaven,

Where you have to be holy,

Or you get thrown off and

become a fallen angel.

So what will it be?

Heaven or Hell?

There's a Whisper

By Eliot Robles

There's a whisper. A voice, a calling.
I look deep into the rainy forest, with its bouncing leaves
and beautiful trees.
Calling me.

It's calling me.

Walking through the woods.
Ignoring everyday responsibilities.
Each step like I'm being consumed by the dirt.
Deeper I go.
My knees are weak.
Deeper. -I fall.

Stomach to the clouds, I let the rain wash into my skin.
The grass pierces my stagnant flesh.
Wet air fills my lungs.
I am becoming.
I am becoming.

Wet from my eyes mix perfectly into the rain and I can't
tell if my eyes are still open.

Or not.

The moist earth seeps deep through my clothes and
starts the true process.

My layers peel off like bark -This soil is my bed.

Mycelium runs to me to connect our alike thinking
brains.

I understand now.

I understand.

I'm the whispers traveling through the wind to make my
way to you.

I am the rain washing into your skin.

I am the dirt consuming you,

The grass in your flesh,

Air filling your lungs.

I am peeling off the layers of bark. -Into your bed, I
crawl to connect our minds.

You should understand now.

Do you understand?

Expansion of Life

By Madisyn Morales

The expansion of life
How the little things explode into more
That one bad remark cutting like a scythe,
Or that compliment lighting me up.

In science class, I was taught
Just because it takes up more space,
does not mean it weighs more.

Now let me give this question to you
(I don't need to ASK because we both know the answer)
Even if you got a million compliments that day,
would you be able to ignore that one bad comment?
Would the "I love your outfit" drown out the
"Why do you try so hard in school?"
Would the loving words silence the ones
Meant to cut you down?

See just because you get more compliments than bad
words
That does not mean you can easily drown the hate out.
Like my science teacher once said, just because the
Kind words take up more space, does NOT mean
They weigh more.

So I am coming to you today about
The expansion of life
Allow for the good, little things to ripple into waves
And for the bad to fade away.
For you try to "fit in,"
To try and get everyone to like you, but
WAKE UP CALL
YOU don't even like everyone.

So, again allow for the little things to ripple
And the bad to fade away.
For this is the *expansion of life*.

Hate

By Lawrance Cruz

Why do we hate hate
It's not like it's his fault
He only does what we ask him to
He only listens to what you really wanna do
You curse him for being mean
Yet worship him for his feats
You can't condemn hate when he lives in your heart
You house the problem yet wonder where it starts
To critique hate is to critique yourself
So if it's mean, don't let it leave your mouth

Imagine

By Lawrance Cruz

Imagine the world was a place of peace
A place where hate wasn't made for the weak
Imagine our oceans didn't rise
And get polluted so that every animal dies
Imagine the hungry could eat a small part of the rich's
feast
Imagine the poor weren't seen as tools
Used by fools
Imagine the only war was the one against itself
Imagine humans could be humans like everyone else.
Imagine we could
Imagine we SHOULD
But **imagine** we tried to stop it too
Imagine if only we started to do.

Me and My Monster

By Rebecca Hatley

Imagine everyone had a little monster inside of them
Just bottled up, waiting to come out

My little monster would be short-tempered
Waiting for someone to look at them the wrong way,
Yearning to bite someone's head off,
Wishing they could just scream insults toward those
closest to them

My little monster wouldn't understand social cues
They'd have anxiety and be scared to even speak up
Picking their nails waiting for every scary situation to
end
Feeling like a burden around others and clumsy

My little monster wouldn't understand how to be happy
for others
They always wish to one-up the next person they face
Not even being able to force a smile when someone does
slightly better than them
Knowing that they should be better than everyone else
Wishing they deserved to win like the others

My little monster would be pretty lonely
Most likely not having many friends
Cuz' they are rude and don't understand that others'
feelings matter
Thinking they could take them for granted cuz they
never leave
But they always do

My little monster would dislike looking in the mirror
Its crooked teeth,
Big bushy hair,
Dark eye circles,

My monster would look like a monster no matter the
amount of makeup

My little monster would be a class clown
Making everyone laugh
Cuz' they would be making themselves the punch line to
each joke
Laughing the loudest, since they can't pick on you when
you pick on yourself first

My little monster would scare me, cuz' I can't face who I
truly am deep down

I Love Everything About You

By Rebecca Hatley

The sand, hot, hot, sand
The dirty yellow sand
It is so perfect and vast
It was so hot, with the sun beaming down on it,
promptly making me sweaty and gross

The deep ocean,
Something I can completely drown in
So many shades of blues
I learned how to swim all over again to dive into it and
swim to its deepest depths
but I always end up swallowing the sickening water

I've learned to love carnivals
The ups and downs give me such anxiety but god-
The twists and turns are more than glorious
I miss the cheesy music if it stopped for good
But I always end up sick

I hate heights, the feeling that you will fall any second
But I'd climb a mountain
The feeling of grasping the rocks and soil with my hands
took away the fear of falling
But the thought of falling always stays in my mind

Art, the language of the heart
The way I get my feelings across the board
That drawing that I cried when you gave it to me.
The fact that I end up asleep in museums

I love all the boring art,
I love the hot sand,
the salty ocean,
Sickening carnivals,
Heights that make me plummet.
I love that you make me love the things I hate.

I Scream, You Scream, I Yell, You Yell

I scream,
 You scream.
I yell,
 You yell.
I get mad at you,
For getting mad at me.
Once we were happy,
Then we were angry.
I feel hurt,
But you turn it back to you.
I scream,
 You scream.
I yell,
 You yell.
I'm afraid to disappoint.
Afraid of you.
I want to be free of you,
Free of asking for forgiveness,
Free of you not accepting it.
I scream,
 You scream.
I yell,
 You yell.
One day I will leave.
 You will.
 We all will.
I will not cry or scream,
I will finally be free.
But, that's the future.
For now,
I scream,
 You scream.
I yell,
 You yell.

Sunshine on a Rainy Day

By R.J. Cramer

My life is like a rain cloud above my head.
Droplets pouring on my head every second of every day.
But, then, I see a bright light parting away the clouds.
I try to grab the light, but the dark clouds pull me back,
I don't see the light for a while.
I try to figure out what the light meant.
Good?
Bad?
Positive?
Negative?
I see the light more, now.
It appears in times I need it.
Even if I don't need it, it still appears.
Making the clouds disappear over my head,
Drying me of the rain pouring down.
Until I realize the light is the sun.
Sunshine, coming down, on a rainy day.
I'm glad I have the sun,
To dry me off,
Make the clouds go away,
To tell me everything is going to be okay.
The sunshine saved me from the clouds and the rain.
Thank you sunshine,
You always come when I need you.

A Weather of Emotions

My emotions are like the elements of the weather.
A whirlwind of emotions,

Unable to stop.

My tears are like a rainshower pouring down on you.

My smile is like a sunbeam shining down.

My anger and rage are like a cyclone whisking away
your home.

My fear and anxiety are like snow.

At first, light,

Then heavy with precipitation.

I try to keep my cool,

But it's hard.

When you have emotions like mine,

That goes to the extreme,

You know the pain I feel when people call me

"Psycho",

"Insane",

"Dramatic",

"Crazy".

I am a weather of emotions.

The Trial Period

I constantly feel like I'm on trial,
Trial for a crime I didn't commit.
I feel everyone watching me.
"Sentenced for years of embarrassment," the judge
declares.

“No, Your Honor, I didn’t do it!” I exclaim,
They pull me away.

Whenever you do something that is
Weird,
Embarrassing,
Strange.

You get put on trial,
For dozens of people to look at you and judge you.
It feels like the trial period between whether I get my
head chopped off,

Or not.
The court decides,
Guilty?
Not guilty?

GUILTY!
Guilty for humiliation!
I am constantly on trial.

“Miss Sunshine”

Sitting in a meadow,
among wildflowers,
Hair flowing in the breeze,
sun beating on naked shoulders.
Dress spread out,
feet bare,
Fingers clutching a letter:
“Dear Miss Sunshine”
and
a Knife.

Her shoulders are tan
But they shake.
Her hair, long & curly,
is healthy but
about to die.
Her feet, toenails painted,
are curling up.
Her dress, beige cotton,
is bloodstained
 Along with the Knife.

She drops the Knife,
 into the wildflowers.
The blood drips
 onto the white,
 yellow, & purple
Wildflowers

Miss Sunshine
 has lost her sun.
She’s lost her shine.
Now she’s empty;
Empty of feelings,
Empty of friends,
Empty of blood.

The blood has now
Emptied onto the ground.

The grass,
The field,
is flooded with
Blood.
Red,
Sticky,
Blood.

Her eyes roll back,
Her flesh is pale,
Her body quivers.
Her blood is drained.

Yet,
She rises.
She can't
Feel
Her fingers,
Her toes,
Her head,
Her heart.
She can't feel
At all.
She can't
Feel
Anything.
Her body is numb
Her soul has escaped.
Her heart is empty.

She will
Live still
But,
Without
Emotion.
Without
Love.
Without
Care.

The blood that left her body

Carried away her
Caring,
Love,
Emotions.

Miss Sunshine
leaves her
Field of wildflowers &
Emerges into
Winter.
Snow on the ground,
People bundled up,
She finds herself bundled up.
She should be cold
Yet,
She isn't.

They approach.
Her body should tense,
But it doesn't.
Her blood should boil
But it doesn't.
It can't.
The field of wildflowers
the Knife
Freed her.
No one can
Hurt her or
Anger her or
Touch her.
The inner sun,
the reason for the name,
Miss Sunshine,
No longer shines.
No longer burns.

Miss Sunshine is
no more.

Alone

By Jamieson Briggs

I am alone.

Alone in a dark red room.

Nothing but me, the dark corners, and my thoughts.

I can faintly hear things that are far away,

but I may just be going crazy.

It stops after a while and the silence screams at me.

I start to become hungry.

I wish I had some food here.

But alas, I cannot leave this prison.

But that's fine.

I've grown quite fond of being here.

It is like special space for me.

Just me, the dark corners, and my thoughts.

All under a dark red glow.

In a room that I'm in.

Alone.

Suck it Up, Cupcake

I am happy -
at least if I say it enough,
eventually I will be.
For now, I will stick with
staring myself down in
worn-down mirrors,
telling myself to
“Suck it up, Cupcake.
Other people have it infinitely
worse than you ever will...”
while imagining everyone who’d
said identical phrases to me.

When I finally am happy,
it will be because I am
no longer a malleable plaything -
a twisted Barbie for others’ amusement,
bending until I break.
It will be because I have made it through
all of the bullshit to stand tall
and proud of the fearless woman
that I have become, no thanks to anyone
except myself.

And it’ll be about damn time.

Everything is a Lot

It's so damn loud -
every miniscule move of
your body against those
discount Walmart sheets is the
equivalent of a total fatality car crash.
Yet your room is like that
touch tunnel at the
Liberty Science Center -
pitch black.
silent.

disconnected.

yearning for a tinge of illumination.
being told the light will show
through again someday, but
you've been in there for so long that
you start to wonder if there was any
light to begin with.

[focus.]

[[breathe.]]

Your throat is closing up again -
this time worse than before;
better fix that soon. That internal
tissue scrunching closer together,
cutting off your already shortened breath,
and drippy drip drip slithers to the back,
trying to join the already overcrowded party. But
salted flushed cheeks beat
drippy drip drip to the punch.

It was the moment you needed
someone the most, but all you had was

[silence.]

[[panic.]]

Distractions

Go out and listen to those
screamy-screamy hardcore bands that you used to
love so much when you were happy – before you
got ceaseless messages beckoning for another chance;
maybe if you get throat-punched in the moshpits
until you can't breathe, you'll forget
how your throat dries out and constricts at night by
your own thoughts.

Don't let it set in.

Go out and doll yourself up – cat eyes and all – for
yet another doomed disaster of a date;
work your charm the right way
and maybe they'll believe that you are
indeed normal and maybe they won't notice
how you constantly shake your legs beneath
the table or how you force a toothy smile
to give the illusion you're alright.

Just don't let it set in.

Go out and party with your friends that
have begged for your presence since you secluded
yourself on his behalf. Exceed their expectations
to prove that for tonight, at least, you might be
okay again rather than endlessly yearning for
the club's DJ not to play that Blink song he'd sing in
countless voicemails left after you finally
worked up the courage to leave.

But still, don't let it set in.

Anxiety is Like

By Mrs. Carson's 11 Honors Class

Anxiety is like a bunch of fire ants moving erratically on your body in an attempt to overthrow your nervous system.

Anxiety is like a black hole consuming more and more of you if left untreated.

Your guts are like jagged spikes, pushing up to your throat and sharply twisting in your stomach with a sickening urge to jump out.

Anxiety is like a suffocating box.

Anxiety is like a headache that lasts forever.

Anxiety is like a storm inside, ready to unleash it's chaos.

Anxiety is like a headache that never goes away.

Anxiety creeps up and stalks you,
waiting for the moment to strike.

Anxiety is like a wave pulling you
underwater and your screams
not making any noise.

Anxiety feels like a storm inside of you, screaming to escape.

Anxiety is like a sinking feeling in my stomach.

It feels like nails writing on a chalkboard

Anxiety is like a bird trapped in a cage.

Anxiety is as sus as the red imposter.

Anxiety is like walking on a tightrope but instead of your
life being at stake you're just trying to get through
Tuesday and avoid being perceived.

Anxiety is a constant companion, whispering about
doubts and fears you have in your ear.

Anxiety feels like an elephant is sitting on your chest.

Anxiety is like having an elephant sitting on your
chest.

Anxiety is an eerily familiar stranger; lurking behind as
you walk.

Anxiety feels like a tornado,
spinning you around.

Anxiety is like being on an open highway in a Bugatti,
without the keys

Anxiety is

Contradiction

By Madisyn Morales

“I miss talking to you”
It’s what you’ll say
“I miss talking with you”
It’s what I’ll say

But there’s a difference
A contradiction

You’re in a dark room, staring at the ceiling
You miss me, because you’re alone
Nothing else on your mind
I’m in a crowded room, talking my heart out
I miss you, even with people around
My mind full

You miss talking *to* me
Because you never listened
I miss talking *with* you
Because I loved our conversations

Will you miss me when you’re busy?
When your mind is racing...
will I still be a thought?
Do you miss hearing me?
When I speak...
Do you listen?

At the end of the day, I know the answers
Even if you say differently,
Because I see the text “I miss talking to you”
It’s what you *always* say.

Dollhouse

By Samantha DeConti

Within the dollhouse, impressionable youth engage in
scripted conversations,

dance their meticulous choreography, performing an
illusion of bliss.

Like porcelain dolls with drawn-on babydoll smiles that
don't crack.

Those who don't conform are hushed with pacifiers

Pastel plastic that offers comfort and protection

while serving silence and obedience.

As the lace fabric of the curtains flutter,

personality is confined by societal chains.

Its grip on identity, it suffocates

Meeting an inescapable cruel fate.

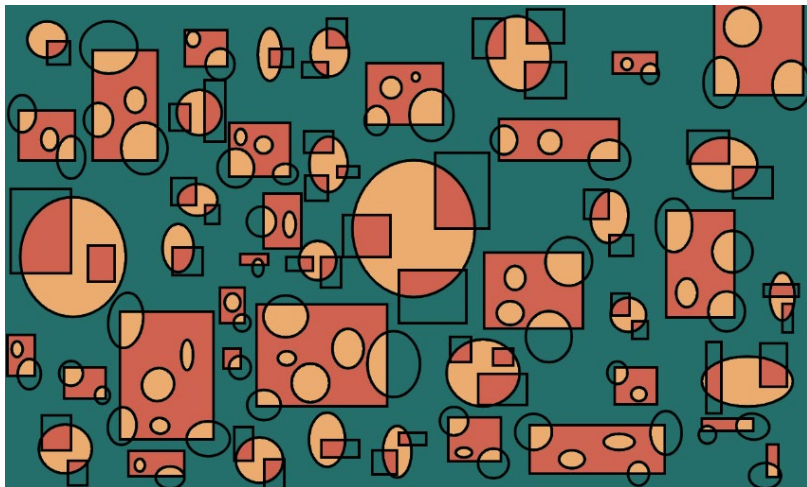
Once known as innocence,

Now tainted by societal expectations and regulations.

Art

Untitled Shapes

By Eliot Robles



Scene 3

By Eliot Robles

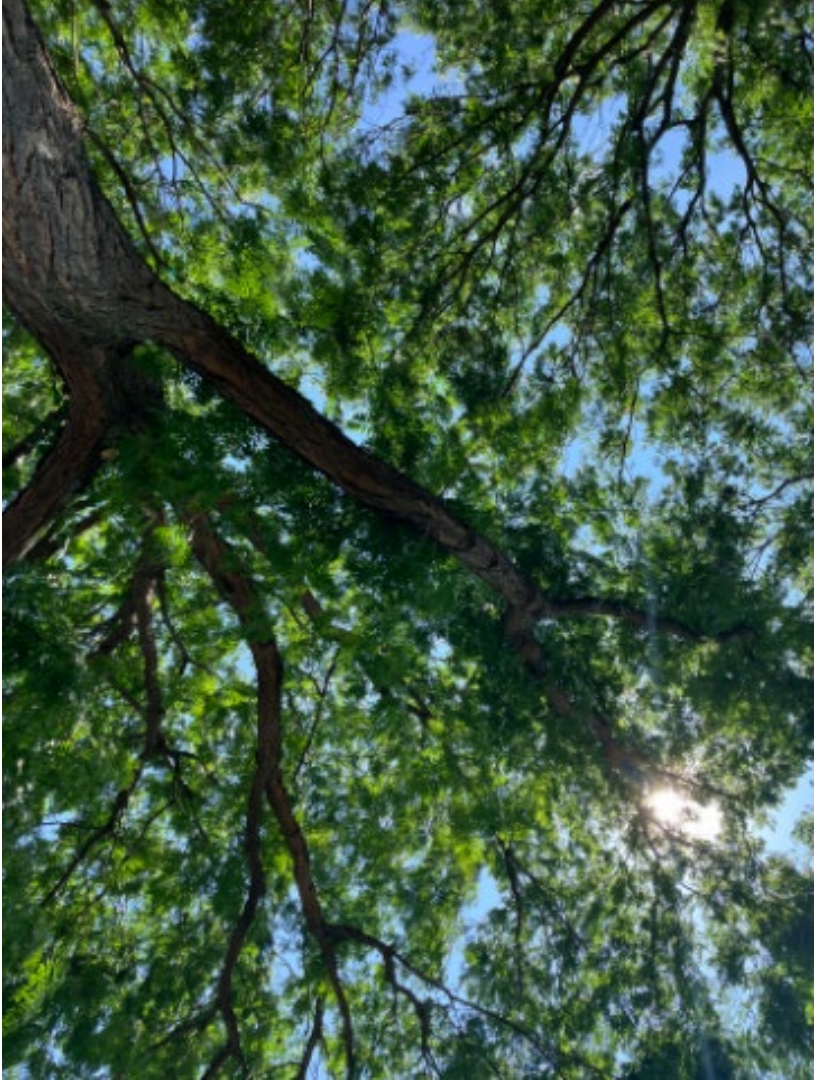


Head in the Clouds

By Gianna Tedesco



Under the Trees – Penn
By Eliot Robles



Bonehead

By Brooke Doering



Distant Paris with the Band

By anonymous



Tranquility

By R.J. Cramer



Longing

By Natalie Seeuwen



Lac-puer Indigo

By Eliot Robles



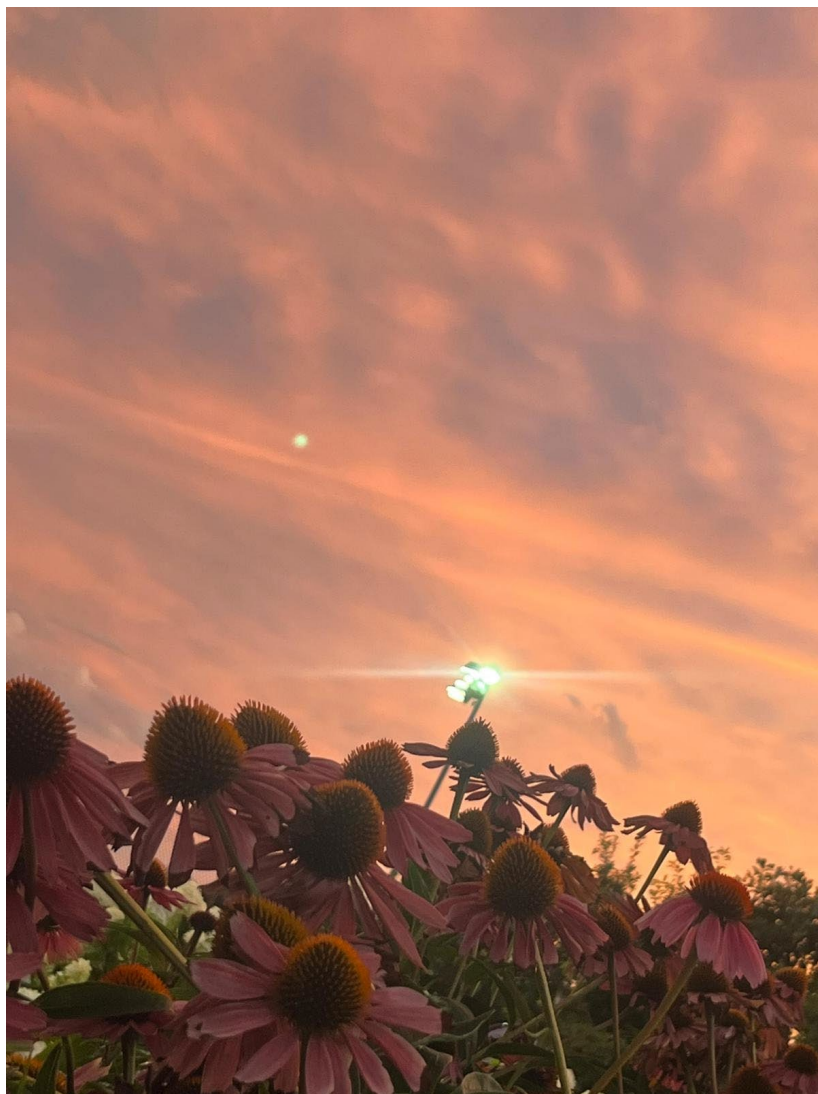
Phosphorus

By Daniel Rojas



Red

By Daniel Rojas



Ash
By Emily Tommasino



Spring in Full Bloom

By R.J. Cramer



Cherry Blossom Tree

By R.J. Cramer



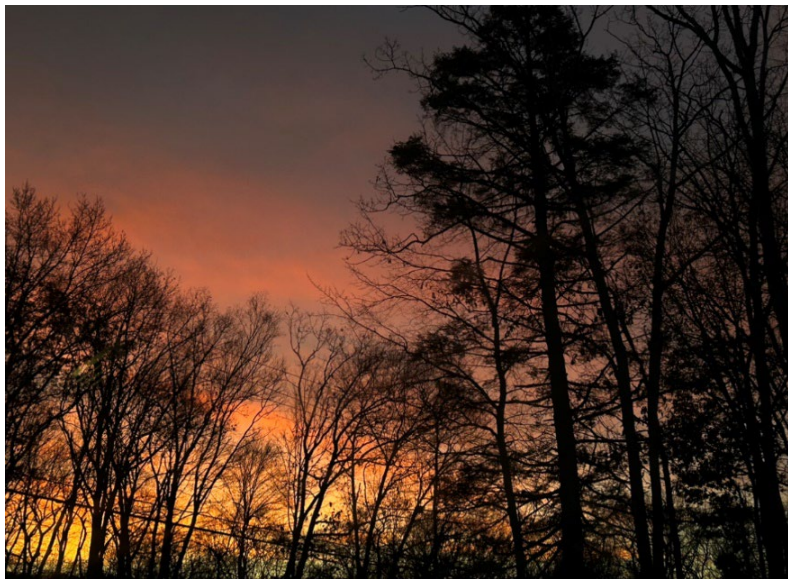
On the Horizon

By Y. R.



Bliss

By Emily Samarelli



Tupac in National Harbor

By Samantha DeConti



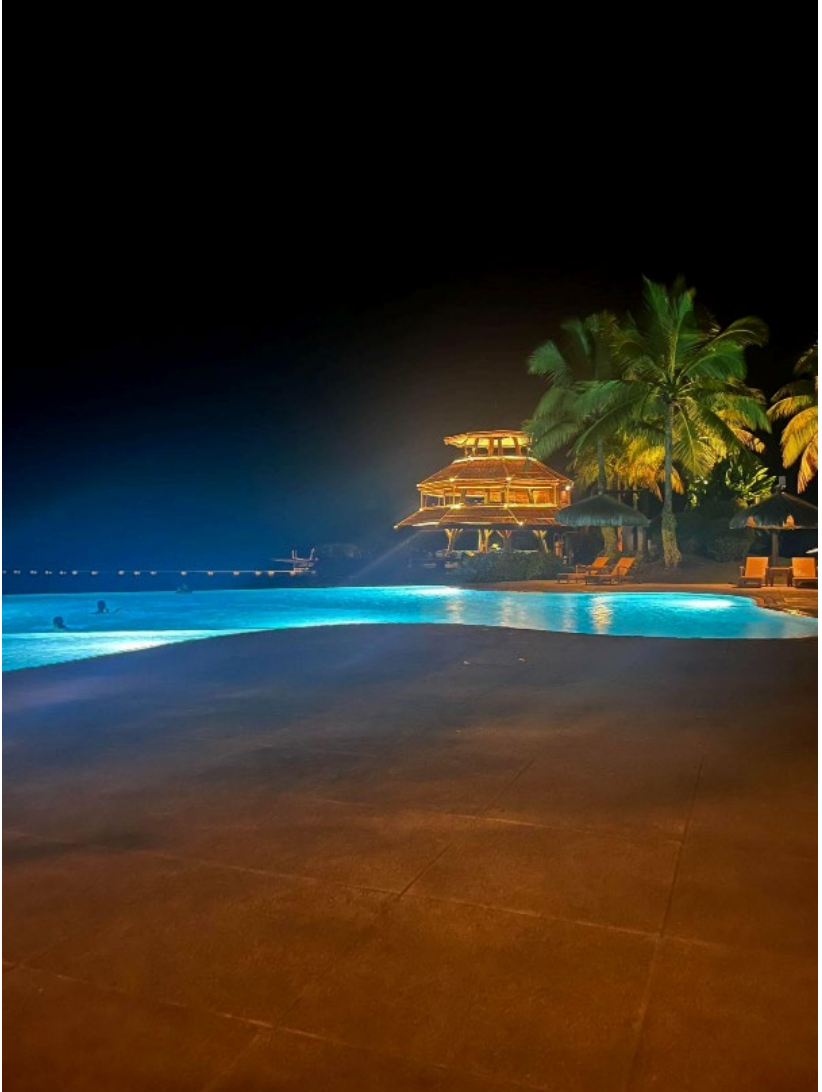
Night Among Palm Trees and Lights

by Samantha DeConti



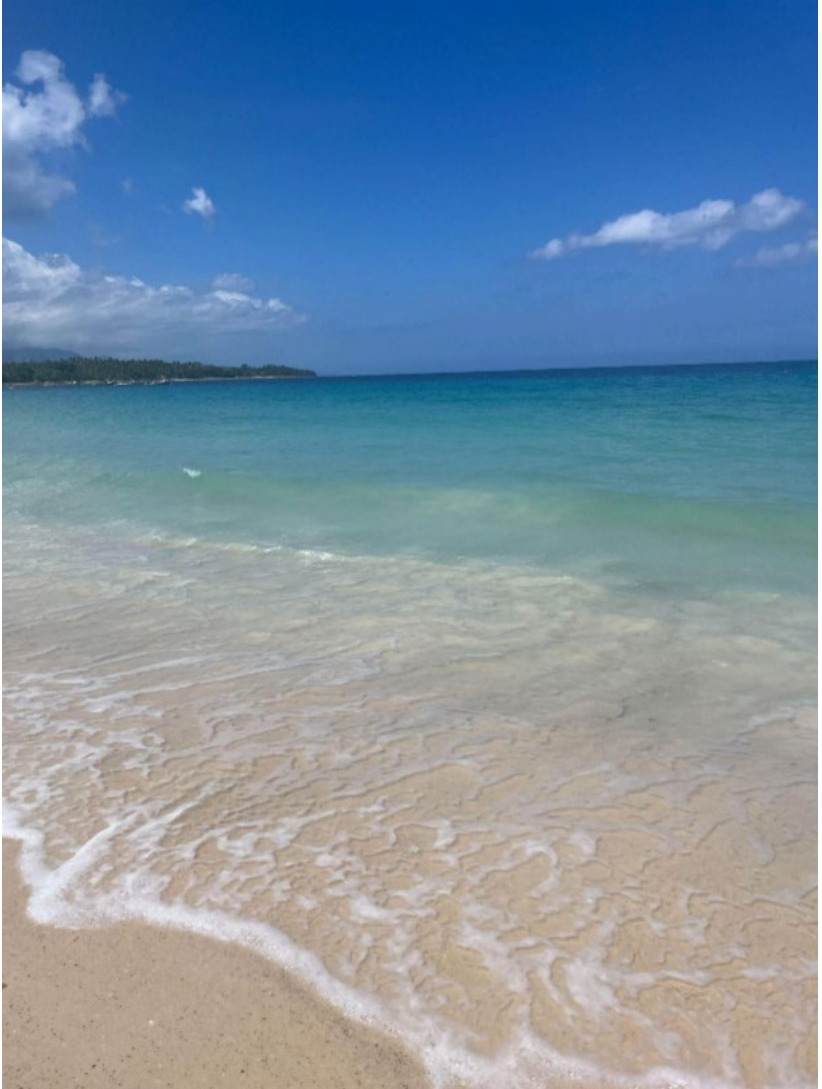
Midnight Oasis

By Samantha DeConti



Tropical Escape

By Samantha DeConti



Ocean Blue

By Veronica Gurry



Jellyfish

By Veronica Gurry



Untitled
By Aixa Grave



Short Stories

Pale Figures

By R.J. Cramer

July 1st, 1999...

All alone and unaware of what was about to change her life forever. Ruby, peddling on her bike, was very far from home. Ruby wished she could leave her town, leave her family. She had to get away from her parents, away from the fighting. She finally reached a crooked, faded sign that read: *Welcome To Centralia, Pennsylvania! Happiest Town On Earth*, with a peeled picture of the town. *That's ironic* thought Ruby. The town was dusty and dark. Buildings that weren't destroyed were covered in graffiti from past visitors. Ruby got off her bike and dropped it to the ground. The roads were crumbling to dust, grass peeked from the cracks in the road. The sky was foggy, the air damp and cold. Ruby stepped past the town's boundary line, to look around. A shadowy figure was standing about a yard away from Ruby. She thought nothing of it until the figure got closer and closer. Until she saw what it was. A little boy. In a blue buttoned-up shirt and gray pants. His hair was shaggy and he had very pale skin, almost translucent. He looked almost like a corpse. "Hello Ruby..." the boy said in a sad voice. Ruby's skin crawled at the sound of her name, "H-how do you know my name?"

The boy smiled, creepily, "I've been waiting for you. You are here to set me free." "I-I don't even know you." Ruby stammered. She took a look closer at the boy and realized who the boy was. Ruby read a newspaper article about a young boy who fell into a sinkhole about 10 years ago. The boy began to walk closer, till he was walking past Ruby to the edge of the town. The boy looked the same as he did back then, *Was he a ghost?* She questioned. Ruby turned to leave the town, she wanted to run and tried to move but couldn't. It was like her feet were stuck to the ground, she couldn't move. "Why can't I move?" Ruby questioned the boy. "Once

someone goes into the town you can leave. But until then you can't come out. The town needs a visitor to survive. Thank you for saving me." The boy smiled wryly and skipped into the darkness, leaving Ruby alone, unable to leave.

20 years later...

"Come on, don't be a wimp." said one boy. "I don't know about this Carter, let's turn back. This place looks abandoned." Carter jumped on the graffitied boundary line to Centralia and started prancing around. "See, Mason nothing to be scared of-" Suddenly Carter stopped and turned around, screamed and tried to run, but couldn't. It felt like there was some kind of force pulling him back. He was being dragged to the ground. As he scrambled around the ground he heard a voice in his mind, a female voice, said *I'm sorry*. In the blink of an eye, Carter was gone. "Carter? Carter? Are you okay? Come on man, this isn't funny." Mason saw a glimpse of a figure walking through the night. Mason put his hand on his chest and gasped. "Oh my god, Carter, you scared me..." Mason paused when he saw a pale girl, with stringy red hair, in dusty, old clothes, emerge from the mist. "You're not Carter..." The girl shook her head. "Who are you?" "Ruby," the girl replied, holding a red hoodie, one of which Mason recognized to be Carter's. "As in Ruby Johnson, the girl who went missing 20 years ago?" Ruby nodded. "Where is my brother? Why do you have that?" Ruby's face went somber, she dropped the hoodie to the ground and Mason saw that the piece of clothing had turned pale and worn out in less than a few seconds. "I'm sorry, I had no choice," she said one final time before she began to run as fast as she ever could. Her red hair formed back to its voluminous curl, color flushed back into her face. "Hey! Come back! I'm not done talking to you!" Mason yelled, but Ruby was too busy to hear. She had to find her parents and apologize for everything. Apologize for leaving, for making that stupid wish, she did all the time

ago. Ruby was finally free. The town of Centralia had a new prisoner to keep.

The Room

By Rebecca Hatley

"It's begun to snow again."

"Astrid, it's Michigan; it's going to snow."

"It's good to know, okay? I see nothing wrong with—"

I shushed her and began to just stare at them while the both of them continued to bicker in almost silent voices. They've been friends since their first semester here, which was probably a year or maybe more ago. I honestly can't remember, at this point, how long it's really been.

"Astrid and Lewis, knock it off; we are only here to study, nothing more, and definitely shouldn't be messing with each other in a damned library."

Lewis waved his arms in the air and sighed, "I get that, but look at this voluminous room," then looked at me with a judgmental glare. As if letting me know that I am the problem, he continues, "How could we not mess around? I can't even imagine anyone being able to actually study here."

I get that they both want to mess around; being in their early twenties, that is probably the only thing on their minds, but we have many other things that we could accomplish at this moment. Definitely anything instead of fighting in a library.

I came to Michigan not long before the first day of the semester on a full scholarship, and I do believe so did Astrid. But Joseph, on the other hand, has lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, his whole life. The only reason he is even here is because of his "stuck-in-their-ways" parents, or at least what he says they are; his father went here years ago, and at one point so did his father's dad as well, and so on. Lewis Wakefield is most certainly the most crass student in this library and, in general, at this college. Personally, I see nothing wrong with wanting to study for a midterm, but who am I to judge tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum?

“Ya’ know, no one else is even here; we have this whole place to ourselves.” Lewis says this while puckering his lips in Astrid’s direction. “You never know what could happen behind closed doors.”

Astrid laughed and started to cough while doing so. “There are many flaws in your plan. I like the fact that there are hundreds of small windows dispersed around, and the main flaw is that you are never getting anything from me.” And with that, Lewis starts to walk around, turning left and right, seemingly trying to pretend nothing happened. His usually olive-toned face was becoming a creamy shade of burgundy.

He is about twenty feet from us, pretending to read what looks to be an upside-down phone book at an orangy wood-colored table. Of course, I walk towards him; he and Ash have been my closest friends since I moved here, and I don’t plan to change that in any way. “You do know that you have no chance with her, right?” I smile wryly, hoping to soften the mood. Lewis puts down the phone book and shoves it back into its original slot.

He chuckles. “You say that now, but...” He leans on a dusty book, which also looks to be a phone book, but of a much later date. It shifts and hits the back of the shelf with a thud. The bookshelf then started to move; there were clicking noises, and then the shelf made an unhooking sound. The left side swung open about an inch, while the right side was mounted in place.

I gasped, “What the hell?” I stare in disbelief. “What did you do, Lewis?”

Lewis looked at me as if I had five heads. “I didn’t do anything.” Astrid cut him off. “Lewis? What was that noise?”

She is still on the other side of the library, and the clicks and grinds echo through the giant room. In fact, I wouldn’t be surprised that people outside of this room heard it, though I am surprised no one has come in to check to see what it was.

“Okay, why are you both blaming me? I haven't done anything.” He goes on to say, “He never does anything wrong” and “we always blame him”. He starts to yell. I debate telling him not to yell at the library; instead, I sigh and begin trying to push the shelf back into place.

“It won't move., Lewis, get over here and help me.” He says something under his breath and starts to walk towards me, going on the left side of me. He starts to push.

“Um, Joe? It seems like there's a room back there.” Curiosity got the best of me. I looked behind the shelf; there was indeed a room behind the apparently heavy shelf; it was smaller than a bedroom but bigger than a closet, a contrast to the big, illuminated room we were already standing in. It was almost pitch black inside and had a trace of mildew.

“I don't know about you two, but I think we have an adventure-a-waiting.”

Astrid is now right next to us both, She hits the back of his head and says, “You can't even chew gum while walking, how are you going to go on an adventure? Stop talking nonsense and just try to close the shelf.” Ash began to walk away.

“Well fine then, you can walk away buzz-kill. But I...” Lewis picks up the thickest book from the shelf and drops it on the table next to us, and another, and another, until the shelf is almost completely bare and weightless. “I am going to start to explore.” Astrid stopped walking and started to watch. I am also watching this unfold. Lewis is known for being a little all over the place, but this is just weird, I might as well go along with it.

“Looks like we're going on an adventure.” I tried to say this as enthusiastically as possible, but Astrid just nodded.

“Now that we are all in agreement, let's go!” And with that, all three of us go into the unknown and shut the makeshift door behind us. It seems that it has

gotten even darker, I wasn't even aware that was possible. Astrid takes out her phone and shines the light on the two of us, then starts to shine it on the rest of the room. It was even smaller now, a concrete brick that seemed to be engulfing us, the only thing that really seemed new, was there now seemed to be a hallway leading from our room to who knows what. "Can't believe this place is just inside of the college, wonder what it's been used for, or if at all."

"Look" I gesture towards the hall, "we have more to discover, we might find out." They both look at me with a slight bit of nervousness. I can't say I'm not nervous, so I understand it. But I still walk on, pushing Astrid to the front since she has the light in hand. And since I'm not going to be caught dead going first. We walk for about three minutes in silence. I feel Lewis holding on to my collared shirt; this will probably wrinkle it sadly. The silence is killing me. Any time a shoe scuffs or one of us breathes in a little too loudly, I can feel my heart completely stop beating. I'm not usually a scared person, but this is a little too much. I'm so focused on myself that I'm immune to my surroundings and can't even feel Lewis attached to me anymore. We walk for a little longer and then come to a full stop.

"It's a dead end, what's the point of a long hallway if there's nothing at the end of it?" Astrid looks behind herself at me and sighs then her eyes go wide. I look behind myself, Lewis is no longer being me.

"Lewis, Lewis, Lewis!" I continued to scream his name, but he did not respond. "Ash, let's just start walking back; he most likely chickened out and ran back." I say this more to calm my own nerves than hers. But I can see her hand shaking, moving the light slightly back and forth. "Here, I'll hold the light; stay behind me."

We started to walk back, faster this time. My nerves have subsided. But then I almost completely jump into the air, and Ash screams bloody murder. I

turn back so fast that I've probably given myself whiplash. I flash the light; she's nowhere to be seen, though, not a trace. Her scream can be heard slowly traveling back down the hall. I can almost see her silhouette; at least I assume it's hers.

At this point, I'm completely shaking; I can't even move one foot in front of the other without falling on myself. I kept one hand on the wall to stabilize myself and begin to run. The air pressure drops, my head starts to feel dizzy, and everything is spinning. My hand starts to feel cold and almost wet. Without looking at the liquid, I whip it on my shirt and continue on, changing hands every now and then when the coldness becomes too much.

After what seems like hours of running like a hamster on a wheel, I finally get back to the front room. Lewis is indeed there, in a seemingly new chair, blood running down his shirt. I'd scream if I wasn't so shocked. I look down at my hands and shirt, which are also completely soaked in blood.

I don't even care anymore; if I start trying to push the shelf, it won't budge. It's as heavy as it was earlier. I start to yell, "Help! Anybody, please, dammit-dammit-dammit!" Without thinking, I just started kicking the door. Astrid's phone drops out of my hand and completely shatters on the floor; the light goes out.

Darkness.

In The Dark

The night pressed in with an oppressive weight as the rain lashed against the windshield, creating a distorted view of the world beyond. The rhythmic thud of raindrops merged with the distant rumble of thunder, creating an eerie cacophony that filled the darkness. Margot's heart pounded in her chest as she gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles turning white with tension. Her car had broken down in the middle of the woods, leaving her stranded in the dead of night.

With trembling hands, she reached for her phone, but the screen remained ominously black, drained of life just like her car. Panic threatened to overwhelm her as she realized the gravity of her situation. She was alone, vulnerable, and at the mercy of the storm.

Summoning her courage, Margot stepped out into the deluge, the rain instantly soaking through her torn converses, chilling her to the bone. The trees loomed around her, their twisted branches reaching out like skeletal fingers itching to graze Margot's flushed cheek. Each step she took was accompanied by the squelching of mud beneath her feet, a sickening sound that echoed in the oppressive silence.

As she trudged through the darkness, the trees closed in around her, their gnarled forms shifting and contorting with every blinding flash of lightning. Shadows danced on the forest floor, playing tricks on her mind and conjuring images of lurking horrors just beyond her line of sight.

Suddenly, a noise pierced the air—a low, guttural growl that sent shivers down Margot's spine. She froze, her heart hammering in her chest as she strained to locate the source of the unrelenting sound. But all she could see was darkness, an impenetrable void that seemed to swallow the very essence of her being.

With a mounting sense of dread, Margot realized she was not alone in the woods. Something was out

there, something sinister and insidious, lurking in the shadows and watching her every move.

Frantically, she began to run, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she pushed herself to the brink of exhaustion. The rain beat down upon her like a relentless barrage, soaking her clothes and weighing her down further into the dense mud. But still, she trudged on, driven by a primal instinct to survive.

Just when she thought her legs were a moment away from crumbling, Margot stumbled upon a dilapidated cabin nestled deep within the heart of the woods. Relief flooded through her veins as she staggered towards the door, her fingers fumbling with the latch in her haste to seek shelter from the storm. But as she stepped inside, a cold dread settled over her like a suffocating blanket. Illuminated only by the flickering flame of a single candle, the interior of the cabin was shrouded in darkness. The thick scent of decay filled the air, a nauseating stench that seeped into her very pores.

And then, she saw it—a grotesque figure lurking in the shadows, its eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light. It grinned at her with jagged teeth, its breath coming in rasping gasps as it advanced toward her with slow, deliberate steps.

With a strangled cry, Margot turned and fled into the night, her mind consumed by terror. She ran until her legs could carry her no further, until the darkness swallowed her whole and she was lost to the storm forevermore.

Perpetually Felicity

Within the murky recesses of my mind, shadows dance, and whispers of longing echo through the labyrinth of my thoughts. A sick idea could not escape my mind; I couldn't help but think about love as the tacky scarlet droplets fell from my palms and my newly scarred leg dragged in the dirt behind me.

Surely this girl knew what love was. She sure fought hard enough to make me think that she had someone or something worth living for. Carefully, I reached for her wallet that I placed in my pocket earlier – a keepsake for our time together tonight. “Felicity,” I whispered, reading her name aloud. A bit ironic for my taste, not that she had any say in tonight's events. I have this weird penchant for names – I can't forget them. Won't forget them. It wouldn't be fair for their death to be forgotten. They stay with me in my heart forever.

Felicity. Her name, a bitter irony that mocks the emptiness within me. She was the embodiment of everything I crave – innocence, purity, a fleeting glimpse of happiness in a life steeped in shadows.

But like all beautiful things, she slipped through my fingers, leaving behind nothing but the echoes of her laughter and the stain of her blood on my hands.

A sharp pain surged through my leg, snapping me out of that intoxicating trance. *She got me pretty good*, I thought to myself as I stared at the oozing ruby-red gashes on my leg where her nails dug in just minutes before. It isn't often you get a feisty one like that. More often than not, the girls I usually go after give up or pass out after begging for an hour. Pathetic. But Felicity... Oh no. She slashed, shrieked, jostled, and resisted.

As I watched her life fade away, a piece of myself faded with her. This is a new emptiness. Even in death, Felicity haunted me, her presence like a specter that refused to be exorcised.

And so, I turned my gaze to Lacuna, her sister, a mirror image of the woman I had loved and lost. Once I cleaned myself up and bandaged the damage inflicted by my beloved, I delved deeper into my search for Lacuna, the echoes of Felicity's laughter haunted my every step. Lacuna was the missing piece, the connection to a past that refused to stay buried. With a determination bordering on obsession, I tracked her down, following a trail scattered across social media and old acquaintances.

Finally, I found her in the dimly lit aisles of a library, her fingers tracing the spines of romance novels. How quaint. The resemblance to Felicity was uncanny, sending a shiver down my spine. But Lacuna was different, her eyes devoid of the spark that had ignited my passion for her sister. Yet, there was a vulnerability in her gaze, a fragility that stirred a new kind of longing within me. In her eyes, I saw the flicker of fear, the pop of defiance that fueled my obsession. She was not Felicity... but she was close enough.

I knew then that Lacuna would not be a mere substitute for Felicity. She would be a conquest in her own right, a means to exorcise the demons that tormented me. And as I watched her from a distance, a plan began to form in my mind, one that would ensure she would never slip through my fingers like her sister had.

"You're not like her," I murmured, my voice a whisper in the darkness as I closed in on her trembling form. "But you remind me of everything I've lost."

"Sorry man, I didn't hear you, whatcha say?" she rambles as she yanks the blaring earbud from her head.

Startled, I blinked, the vivid images in my mind fading into the reality before me. The dimly lit room, the musty smell of old books, and the young woman standing in front of me, looking more confused than afraid. She was still blissfully unaware of what'd

happened to her sister the night before. Innocent. Perfect.

“Sorry,” I muttered, my mind still trying to reconcile the two worlds. “I was just... thinking out loud.”

She eyed me warily, her hand inching toward her phone on the table. “Are you okay?”

I forced a smile, trying to appear harmless. “Yeah, yeah, just lost in thought. Didn't mean to startle you.”

Turn on the charm. Slip in.

She relaxed slightly, but the tension lingered in the air. “Okay, well, don't do that again. You scared me,” a slight smile tracing its way across her pale face.

“Of course, I won't,” I assured her with my own sly smirk, my mind racing on the possibilities of us.

That's it – I've got her. How had I let myself get so lost in my thoughts? I needed to focus, to stay in control.

As she turned back to her books, I slipped quietly out of the room, the echoes of my twisted fantasies still ringing in my ears. *Until next time we meet, my pet.* I needed to find another way to fill the void, to silence the whispers of my dark desires. But for now, I would bide my time, waiting for the next opportunity to satisfy the hunger that gnawed at my soul – the next opportunity to get back what was lost.

Yearning Echoes

By Emily Tommasino

It's one in the morning, but I can't sleep.

I lay on the sheets of my bed, sleep avoiding its grasp on my body. For some reason, I lay awake thinking about her. A week ago, I would have called myself insane for thinking I would think of a girl for longer than a minute. But here I am. She's been in my life since we were kids, having gone to every school year together. From kindergarten to now senior year, we've hung out every other day, having the same group of friends and telling each other everything.

But, of course, things don't stay perfect forever. Our lives and feelings change, and we won't even know why. For some inexplicable reason, I fell in love as soon as I saw her today. Whether it was the lighting, her new outfit she got with her other friend, or the weather. It seemed as though her eyes shined like diamonds in the light when she looked my way. Her smile made my tummy turn. She seemed perfect, like an angel from the heavens sent to bless my presence.

But romantic love between us could never happen. We're just friends. We even make sure of this together, joking about it back and forth. She was fine with being just friends, and we both were okay with seeing other people. But now, I couldn't bear the thought of her with another guy. I don't think I could be with another person anymore.

Why do I feel like this?

More importantly, would she feel the same?

These thoughts of rejection linger in my mind, and I try to ignore them as best I can. But it seems like it's another night of thinking.

Why.

Why did I think that he looked cute today?

Never, in a million years, would I think he's cute.

Years of friendship between us. And never once did I think of him in a romantic sense.

I don't like it one bit.

I don't know what happened today, but he just looked so pretty. All day, his eyes lit up when he talked, and the small red on his cheek? Whatever caused it can keep happening.

I can't think of him like this. We joke about being in a relationship all the time, but we both told each other that we only wanted to be friends. Nothing more, ever.

It's forbidden for me to have these thoughts, and yet they linger on. I've been thinking about him for hours now. Why can't they stop?

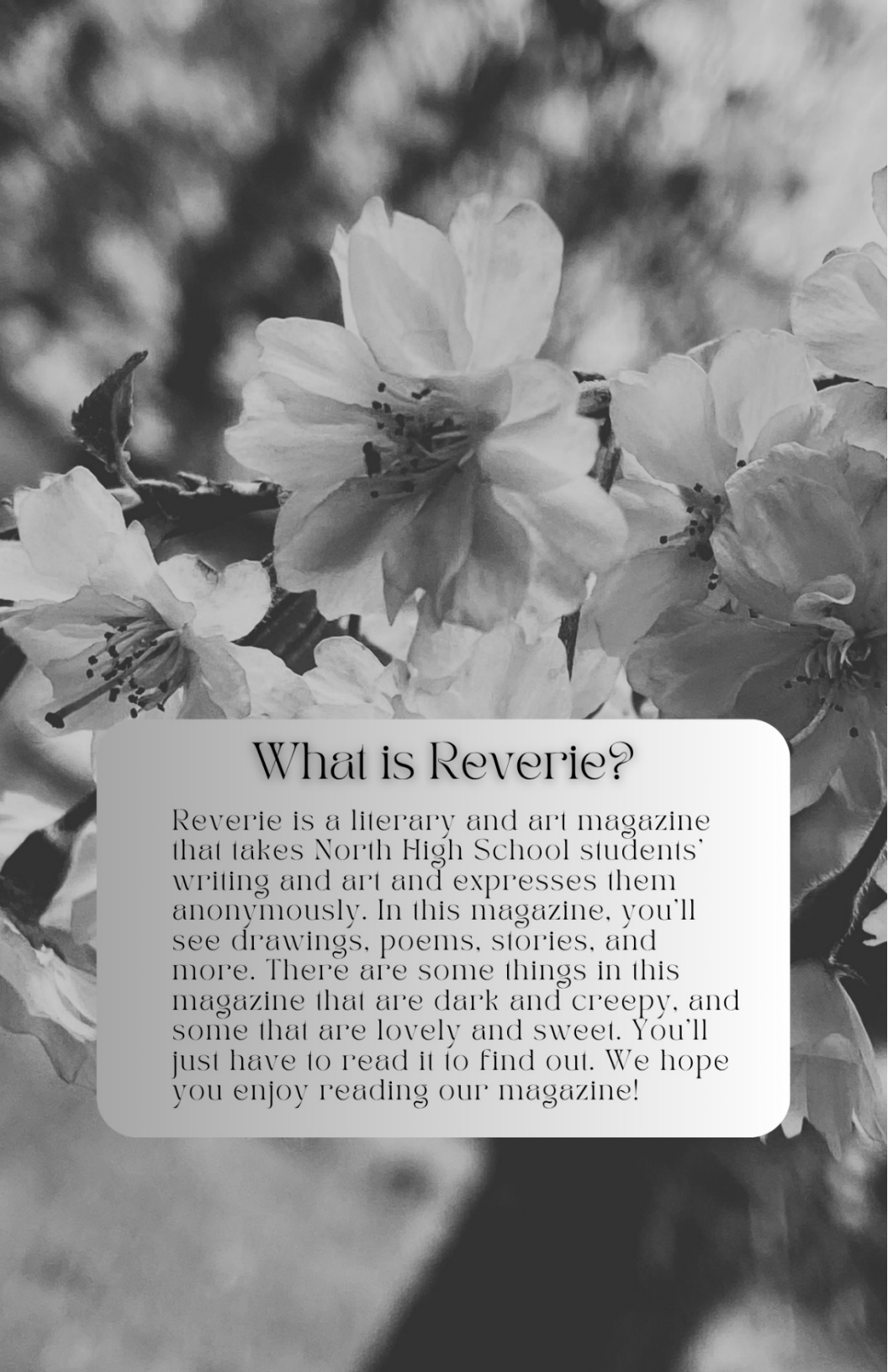
I have to lose feelings. It would hurt me if I kept these feelings away, mindlessly pining on him even when he gets his next girlfriend. It's going to hurt either way. The chances of him loving me back are slim to none. But keeping it hidden from him will hurt our friendship.

I have to tell him.

I *will* tell him. And hopefully, he feels the same. Somehow.

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What is Reverie?

Reverie is a literary and art magazine that takes North High School students' writing and art and expresses them anonymously. In this magazine, you'll see drawings, poems, stories, and more. There are some things in this magazine that are dark and creepy, and some that are lovely and sweet. You'll just have to read it to find out. We hope you enjoy reading our magazine!